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1927

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Humphrey Milford
Publisher to the University
of Oxford

William Collins
Ode occasion'd by the Death of
Mr. Thomson

1749

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*Five hundred and fifty copies have been printed
of which five hundred are for sale*

O D E

Occasion'd by the DEATH of

Mr. *THOMSON*.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*Hæc tibi semper erunt, & cum solennia Vota
Reddemus Nymphis, & cum lustrabimus Agros.*

— — *Amavit nos quoque Daphnis.*

VIRG. Bucol. Eclog. v.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. MANBY and H. S. COX, on *Ludgate-Hill*.

MDCCLXIX.

[Price Six-pence.]

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3352
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Facsimile
Printed from type at the Clarendon Press
1927

T O

GEORGE LYTTLETON, Esq;

T H I S

O D E

IS INSCRIB'D BY

The A U T H O R.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Scene of the following S T A N Z A S
is suppos'd to lie on the *Thames* near
Richmond.

O D E

O N T H E

DEATH of Mr. *T H O M S O N*.

I.

IN yonder Grave a DRUID lies
Where slowly winds the stealing Wave!
The *Year's* best Sweets shall duteous rise
To deck *it's* POET's sylvan Grave!

II.

In yon deep Bed of whisp'ring Reeds
His airy Harp* shall now be laid,
That He, whose Heart in Sorrow bleeds
May love thro' Life the soothing Shade.

* The Harp of *Æolus*, of which see a Description in the *Castle of Indolence*.

B

III. Then

III.

Then Maids and Youths shall linger here,
 And while it's Sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's Ear

To hear the WOODLAND PILGRIM'S Knell.

IV.

REMEMBRANCE oft shall haunt the Shore

When THAMES in Summer-wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing Oar

To bid his gentle Spirit rest!

V.

And oft as EASE and HEALTH retire

To breezy Lawn, or Forest deep,
 The Friend shall view yon whit'ning Spire*,
 And 'mid the varied Landfchape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'st that Earthy Bed,

Ah! what will ev'ry Dirge avail?

Or Tears, which LOVE and PITY shed

That mourn beneath the gliding Sail!

* *Richmond-Church.*

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless Eye
 Shall scorn thy pale Shrine glimm'ring near?
 With Him, Sweet Bard, may FANCY die,
 And JOY desert the blooming Year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn STREAM, whose fullen Tide
 No sedge-crown'd SISTERS now attend,
 Now waft me from the green Hill's Side
 Whose cold Turf hides the buried FRIEND!

IX.

And see, the Fairy Valleys fade,
 Dun *Night* has veil'd the solemn View!
 —Yet once again, Dear parted SHADE
 Meek NATURE'S CHILD again adieu!

X.

The genial Meads assign'd to blest
 Thy Life, shall mourn thy early Doom,
 Their Hinds, and Shepherd-Girls shall dress
 With simple Hands thy rural Tomb.

XI. Long,

XI.

Long, long, thy Stone and pointed Clay
Shall melt the mufing BRITON's Eyes,
O ! VALES, and WILD WOODS, fhall HE fay
In yonder Grave YOUR DRUID lies !

F I N I S.

THIS reprint is from Mr. T. J. Wise's copy of
the rare original. I have not been able to
ascertain the precise margins.



PR Collins, William
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039 of Mr. Thomson.
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